

Kreviazuk Chantal

"Imaginary Friend"

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It scares me to speak my mind
It might sound self-absorbed
I don't say half of what I think
I wonder what I'm thinkin' for

I'm smelling dead flowers
Listening to the walls again
I'm drinking from a leaky faucet
And writing with this dried up pen
Wish I still had my imaginary friend

And who needs to listen, well
What do I have to sell
Everyone's just waitin' for their own turn
Kind of like show and tell

Chorus

Someone to listen
Someone to laugh
Someone to cry at the right times

Chorus [x2]

And I would call him up
But I don't remember his name...

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